

# WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., JULY 25, 1865.

Volume 13--Number 676.

Terms, \$4 per Annum.

## CURIOUS FACTS

## LIVES OF AU-

Bossuet composed his sermons on his knees. Milton before composing his great work, invoked the influence of the Holy Spirit, and prayed that his lips might be touched with a fire coal from the altar; Chrysostom meditated and scribbled while contemplating a painting of St. Paul.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming some time at the top of his voice, and thus putting his nervous system to its fullest activity.

Bentham composed after playing a prelude on the organ, or while taking his "ante-jentacular" and "post-prandial" walks in his garden—the same by way, that Milton occupied.

Saint Bernard composed his meditations amidst the woods; he delighted in nothing so much as the solitude of the dense forest, finding there, he said, something more profound and suggestive than anything he could find in books. The storm would sometimes fall upon him there, without for a moment interrupting his meditations. Camoens composed his verses with the roar of battle in his ears; for the Portuguese poet was a soldier and a brave one, though a poet. He composed others of his beautiful verses, at the time when his Indian slave was begging a subsistence for him in the streets. Tasso wrote his finest pieces in the lucid intervals of madness.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; he Sage at mid-day; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night. Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he woke early, and to wake with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea-side, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet, a dog which had been brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when he felt the ideas begin to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch, and their execute some musical fantasy (for he was a skillful musician,) when the ideas would flow upon him again as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed Luther did not hesitate to say, that after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of prophets; it is the only other art, which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts, and papers carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his last years he dictated his writings to secretaries. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his faculty of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, giving up writing and composing, and went about his out door duties for days, weeks and months together.—But so soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Mr McCormick, who lives about two miles of Newberg, New York, was born August 6, 1751, and is now in tolerably good health. His voice is very strong, hearing good, but his eyesight is very poor. His hair is not gray yet. He was married at forty-five, and had fourteen children. He has been very temperate in his life, and has never felt the want of drink as others do. He generally salted his food to such a degree that no one but himself could eat it, and strange to say, he very seldom felt the want of drink. He did not commence to smoke until he was sixty-five years old; never drank tea or coffee, milk he greatly disliked. He always worked hard, went to bed early, and got up early. His answer to the question what he thought, more than anything else, caused him to live so long, was temperance, exercise, plain food, regular meals, regular hours in going to bed and getting up. Any one, to see him, would take him to be a man of about seventy. He sleeps well, and seems to enjoy good health, and may live some ten years more.

If a man is given to liquor, let no liquor be given to him.

## THE MARCH OF THE PLAGUE.

Our last advices from Europe indicate that the fears of the visitation of the Cholera during the year are rife throughout the Continent. The greatest sanitary precautions have been taken to preclude the entrance of the plague into Europe through vessels arriving from Alexandria, in Egypt. Tidings from the East represent that the Conqueror-Worm is extending the fields of his ravages westwardly. Central Asia, Southern Russia, the jungles of India, the long weary route of the Faithful Mecca—all, in turn, have been swept over by the desolating scourge, and the perishing victims are counted by thousands. Pilgrims who have come from afar to kiss the sacred Kaaba, and to renew their vows at the tombs of the Prophet, have been smitten on their route, and have died in their tracks, or have retraced their steps at the news of the dreadful ravages of the disease in the sections of country between them and the holy shrine. In many cases those so returning—Shelks with their trains—had died upon the roadside, crowded in tents and houses wherein they had sought refuge.

In Egypt the deaths are on a scale of the most fearful magnitude. While towns and villages have been depopulated, and the Destroyer is still busy among his victims. The English Government has taken the precaution to remove the mail bags from the postal routes between Great Britain and Egypt, and has substituted, therefore, boxes in which outgoing and incoming mails are transported. This precaution is taken in order to guard against infection being carried out of Egypt during the transportation of the mails through the country.

A quarantine has been established at Marseilles ever since two passengers, in a dying condition were landed from the Alexandria steamer; and in all the French and Italian ports the strictest quarantine regulations prevail. The dispatch of the American Consul at Port Mahon, in the Mediterranean, announcing the facts of the encroachments of the plague, and warning Government of the danger to be apprehended from it, and the action of Government, thereupon, have been published.

Although some doubt is expressed in Europe as to whether the disease that is playing such havoc throughout Asia and Africa is, indeed, the Asiatic cholera, enough is known of its ravages to warrant the most extraordinary precaution; and we hope the authorities, both State and Federal, as well as those of our city, will not fail in the adoption of, and rigid adherence to such sanitary regulations as the possible threatening emergency would seem to call for. All vessels coming from an infected port, or a port in an infected country, should be subjected to a quarantine of twenty, thirty or forty days. The result at issue is too grave a one to be trifled with; and whilst we can see no reason for alarm, as yet, either in this country or in Europe, the plain duty of authority is to guard, by all known sanitary means, against the possible introduction among our people of the fell malady whose progress the civilized world is at present watching with such anxious interest.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

A GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR AND HIS "PARTNER."—A Government Inspector, visiting a lunatic asylum, saw the medical superintendent, and said, "I don't wish to go over the asylum in the usual way, but to mingle with the patients as if I were an officer, a surgeon, or even one of themselves. By so doing I shall be better enabled to judge of their intellectual state, and of their progress in the direction of sanity." With pleasure," said the doctor; "it is Saturday, and we usually have a dance on Saturday night. If you go into the ball-room, as we call it, you will see them dancing and talking without reserve." "Would it be objectionable if I danced with them?" asked the official. "Not at all," was the reply." The official walked into the ball-room, and, selecting the prettiest girl he saw for a partner, was soon keeping up a very animated conversation with her. In the course of the evening he said to the doctor, "Do you know, that girl in the white dress with blue spots is a very curious case! I've been talking to her, and I cannot, for the life and soul of me, discover in what direction her mental malady lies. Of course, I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the odd look of her eyes. She kept looking at me so oddly. I asked her if she did not think she was the Queen of England, or whether she had not been robbed of a large fortune by the volunteer movement, or jilted by the Prince of Wales, and tried to find out the cause of her lunacy; but I couldn't, she was too artful." "Very like," answered the doctor; "you see, she is not a patient, she is one of the housemaids, and as sane as you are." Meantime, the pretty housemaid

went to all her fellow-servants, and said, "Have you seen the new patient? He's been dancing with me. A fine tall man, and beautiful whiskers! but as mad as a March hare. He asked me if I wasn't the Queen of England; if a volunteer hadn't robbed me of a large fortune; and whether the Prince of Wales didn't want to marry me? He is mad. Isn't it a pity?—such a fine young man!"—*Illustrated Times.*

## AN INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL FORREST.

*His Version of the Fort Pillow Massacre.*

A correspondent of the New Orleans True Delta describes an interview with Gen. Forrest, at Meridian, Mississippi. Forrest he says is a man of fine appearance, about six feet in height; dark, piercing, hazel eyes; carefully trimmed moustache and chin whiskers—dark as night; finely cut features and iron grey hair. His form is lithe, plainly indicating great physical power and activity. The writer asks, after some preliminary questions:

"Now that you have time, General, do you think you will ever put upon paper the true account of the Fort Pillow affair?"

"Well," said he, "the Yankees ought to know; they sent down their best men to investigate the affair."

"But are we to believe their report, General?"

"Yes, if we are to believe anything a nigger says. When I went into the war, I meant to fight. Fighting means killing. I have lost twenty-nine horses in the war, and have killed a man each time. The other day I was a horse ahead; but at Selma they surrounded me and I killed two—jumped my horse over a one-horse wagon and got away." I began to think I had some idea of the man at last. He continued:

"My Provost Marshal's book will show that I have taken thirty-one thousand prisoners during the war. At Fort Pillow I sent in a flag of truce, and demanded an unconditional surrender, or I would not answer for my men. This they refused. I sent them another note giving them one hour to determine. This they refused. I could see on the river boats loaded with troops they went back asking for an hour more. I gave them twenty minutes. I sat on my horse during the whole time."

"The fort was filled with negroes and deserters from our army—men who lived side by side with my men. I waited five minutes after the time, and then blew my bugle for the charge. In twenty minutes my men were over the works, and the firing had ceased. The citizens and Yankees had broken in the heads of whisky and lager beer barrels, and were all drunk. They kept up firing all the time as they went down the hill. Hundreds of them rushed to the river and tried to swim to the gunboats, and my men shot them down. The Mississippi River was red with their blood for three hundred yards. During all this, their flag was still flying, and I rushed over the works and cut the balliards, and stopped the fight. Many of the Yankees were in tents in front, and they were in their way, as they concealed my men, and some of them set them on fire. If they were burned to death, it was in these tents."

"They have a living witness in Capt. Young, their Quartermaster, and I will leave it to any prisoner I have ever taken if I have not treated them well."

GOOD ADVICE.—The Cultivator gives some excellent advice to our young men in the following, which it would be well for them to profit by:

Go to Work!—Young man! jubilant in the pride of your strength! pull off that coat and go to work! If you wait for something to turn up, you will die of that "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick." Take bold resolutely yourself, and turn up something! Lands, everywhere, in the South, can be had almost for nothing; and no soil is so poor but that some crop may be successfully and profitably grown upon it.

The merchants and mechanics of our towns and cities need all the supplies we can furnish, at highly remunerating prices; and you have the additional reward and pride of feeling that you are producing and really doing some good in the world. Do not be lured by the miserable "clap-trap" and bug-bear of superior respectability" into any of the already over-crowded "professions." A good, steady, industrious, intelligent farmer or gardener is practically worth a dozen "jackleg" doctors or pettifogging" lawyers! The people need food and clothing, not "law" or "physio"—so we again earnestly exhort all our "stout and brave" young men to go to work, at once, on the farm, in the workshop, or wherever else real earnest work is needed.

## ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, Va., May 28 & 65.

OLONZO WARD.

Afore I comments this letter from the late rebel capitol I desire to simply say that I have seen a low and skurrilous noat in the papers from a certain purnsun who signs hisself Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther. I did once have a berruther by that name, but I do not recognize him. To me he is wuss than dead! I took him from college some 16 years ago and gave him a good situation, as the Bearded Woman, in my show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backalian mood and rum, and right in sight of the audience in tent) to stand upon his head, whereby he betrayed his sex on account of his boots & his Beard fallin' off his face, rooinin' my prospects in that town, & likewise incurrin' the scrip displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triflin' with feelin's of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognize him. I perfectly disgust him.

RICHMOND.

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I cum here a few days arter the catterpillarlashum.

Mr nabers seemed surpris'd & astonisht at this darin' bravery into the part of a man at my time of life; but our family was never knowed to quale in danger's stormy hour.

Mi father was a sutler in the Revolution War. Mi father once had a intarwoo with Gin'ral La Fayette.

He asked La Fayette to lend him five dollars, promisino to pay him in the Fall; but Laffy said he "couldn't see it in those lumps." Laffy was French, and his knowledge of our langwidge was a little shaky.

Immedjantly on my rival here I proceeded to the Spottswood House, and callin' to my assistants a young man from our town who writes a good mouin' hand, I put my ortograph on the Register, and handin my umbrella to a bald-headed man behind the counter, who I s'posed was Mr. Spottswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a called parson and said: "Show the gen'lman to the cow yard, and give him art No. 1."

"Isn't General Grant here?" I said. "Perhaps Ulysis wouldn't mind my turnin in with him."

"Do you know the Gin'ral?" inquired Mr. Spottswood.

"Wall, no, not 'zactly, but he'll remember me. His brother-in-law's aunt bought her rye meal off my uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi's rye meal was"—

"Pooh, pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't bother me" and he shuv'd my umbrella onto the floor. Obsarvin to him not to be too kearless with that wepin, I accompanied the African to my lodgings.

"My brother," I said, "are you aware that you have been 'manicipated? Do you realize how glorious it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dreams, or do you realize the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?"

He said take some jin.

I was show'd the cowyard, and laid down under a one mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn't gone to Libby Prison. Tho' I should have slept comfortable enuff of the bed cloths hadn't been pulled off me during the night by a scoundrel who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my covering and my throat feels a little husky this morning.

General Halleck offered me the hospitality of the city, givin' me my choice of hospitals.

He has also placed at my disposal a small-pox amboulance.

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller. He was opposed to the war at the fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact he wouldn't have drawn his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He sez the colored man is right, and he will go at once to New York and open a Sabbath School for negro minstrels.

The silk-worm feeds upon the mulberry leaf, and spins his silk. The poet feasts upon the world of nature, and spins his beautiful thoughts and fancies.

"I had rather have nothing to wear than be out of fashion" said a young lady. "You may be in fashion with the new style of bonnet and still be nearly in that undesirable nude condition," was the reply.